MARVEL
90
BACK IN BLACK
02.2007

EXILES®

CLAREMONT
PELLETIER
MAGYAR
QUINTANA

THERE ARE REALITIES OUTSIDE OUR OWN; SOME SIMILAR, OTHERS ABNORMAL. SOMETIMES THESE REALITIES ARE DAMAGED, AND NEED SOME HELP.
THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN...

EXILES

Stolen from countless different realities, the Exiles' roster is constantly shifting, depending on the specific mission.

CURRENT ROSTER:

BLINK
AGE OF APOCALYPSE

SABRETOOTH
AGE OF APOCALYPSE

Longshot
MOJOVERSE

SPIDER-MAN 2099
EARTH-928

MORPH
KEVIN MACTAGGART
EARTH-58163

POWER PRINCESS
EARTH-712

The hub of the Exiles operation is the Crystal Palace (an observatory outside space and time), where insectoid alien scientists, known as Timebreakers, monitor all realities. Heather Hudson – the Palace's communication expert – stays in contact with the Exiles via the Tallus, a wrist-worn informational device.

HEATHER HUDSON
EARTH-3470

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FOR THE EXILES, THIS IS THE WAY CREATION ENDS.

WITH A MADMAN'S LAUGH.

THE BODY IS THAT OF MORPH, A FOUNDING MEMBER OF THE EXILES.

THE MIND AND SOUL ARE THOSE OF KEVIN MACTAGGART, ALSO KNOWN AS PROTEUS, QUITE POSSIBLY THE MOST POWERFUL BEING IN CREATION.

TODAY, ONCE AND FOR ALL, HE MEANS TO PROVE IT.

OF COURSE, THERE IS *RESISTANCE.*

I'M CURIOUS, *SABRETOOTH.*

FROM HIS FORMER FRIENDS AND *TEAM-MATES.*

LET'S SEE JUST HOW *GOOD* THAT HEALING FACTOR O' YOURS *REALLY* IS.

NO MATTER HOW *IMPOSSIBLE* THE ODDS...

YOU AN' THE BIG GUY HAVE BEEN *TOGETHER* FROM THE START, *BLINK.*

BLINK

...HOW *HOPELESS* THE FIGHT...

ONLY FAIR T'MAKE SURE YOU GO OUT THE *SAME* WAY.

...THESE *HEROES* REMAIN DETERMINED TO FIND A WAY TO *WIN.*

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

THEY REFUSE TO ACCEPT THAT THEY'RE DOOMED.

SINCE YE LIKE WORKIN' WITH THE COMMAND BUGS SO MUCH, HEATHER-DARLIN'...

...LET'S MAKE THAT BOND PERMANENT.

AN' HERE COME THE NEWBIES TO THE RESCUE!

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, EH?

BUT REALLY, MIGUEL, SINCE YOU CALL YOURSELF "SPIDER-MAN"...

...YE NEED T' LOOK THE PROPER PART.

AN' JUST SO POWER PRINCESS DOESN'T FEEL LEFT OUT--!

OH DEAR--

SLAMM!

AS FOR YOU, LONGSHOT...

...I THINK YER FABLED LUCK'S RUN OUT.

--WEREN'T YOU TWO SUPPOSED TO BE FIGHTING ME?

GAME OVER. I WIN!

BUT WHAT DO I DO FOR AN ENCORE?

I KNOW--

--I'LL TAKE MY SHOW ON THE ROAD!

"HEY, CHECK THAT OUT--

"--THAT LOOKS LIKE OUR CRYSTAL PALACE.

"BUT WHO'S THE WOMAN?"

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ENEMY OF THE STARS
PART 1 (OF 5)

THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS WHAT PROTEUS IS CAPABLE OF...

...IF HE EVER GETS FREE.

WE KNOW WHAT HE'S CAPABLE OF, HEATHER. WE DIDN'T NEED A FULL-BLOWN SIMULATION PROGRAM TO TELL US THAT.

WE NEED TO BE PREPARED.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? YOU WANT US TO TRY TO KILL MORPH?

NOT T' MENTION THAT WE ACTUALLY NEED HIM ON OUR SIDE.

CONSIDERING THAT HIS OWN POWERS ARE NOW FULLY INTEGRATED WITH PROTEUS'S, IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?

THAT, TOO.

WE'VE MADE PROTEUS BELIEVE HE'S MORPH. UNTIL SOMEBODY GIVES ME A WAY-BETTER IDEA, THAT'LL HAVE TO DO.

SCROLL BACK A BIT, WILLYA, HEATHER?

I WANNA SEE--

HEY?!

WHAT GIVES, WOMAN? I WANTED THAT *LAST* SET OF IMAGES:

...THE SHOTS O' THAT *OTHER* CRYSTAL PALACE AN' THE *WOMAN* STANDIN' OUT FRONT!

WHAT YOU SEE, SABRETOOTH, IS WHAT I'VE GOT.

I SAW IT, TOO, THAT *SAME* SET OF IMAGES...

...BUT I *CAN'T* FIND IT NOW, ANY-*WHERE*.

IT DRIVES ME *CRAZY*, THIS PLACE!

JUST WHEN I THINK I'VE GOT A *HANDLE* ON ITS SYSTEMS...

...WE GET THROWN ANOTHER *CURVE*.

AND WHEN I THINK OF WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO *ACCOMPLISH*...!

I MEAN, JUST LOOK AT THIS!

WE'VE EFFECTIVELY ASSUMED *RESPONSIBILITY* FOR MORE TIMELINES THAN WE CAN IMAGINE.

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT THEM, KEEP THEM *SAFE*--!

ALL *SIX* OF US.

THAT IS, ASSUMING *MORPH* STAYS ON *OUR* SIDE.

WHAT ARE WE *NUTS*?!

ABSOLUTELY-- BUT WE'RE STILL GOING TO *TRY*.

THE NETWORK'S BEEN *ACTING UP* EVER SINCE OUR CONFRONTATION WITH PROTEUS.

SOME KIND OF STATIC IS *DEGRADING* OUR ABILITY TO SCAN THE TIMESTREAM. I THINK WE CAN STILL *ACCESS* EVERYTHING, WE CAN STILL TELEPORT BACK AND FORTH.

WE JUST CAN'T ALWAYS *SEE* WHAT'S HAPPENING.

BECAUSE?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, CLARICE. SORRY.

WE DEAL WITH *INFINITY.*

IF "TIME" CAN BE CONSIDERED THE LENGTH OF CREATION, WE'RE ASSUMING RESPONSIBILITY FOR ITS *BREADTH.*

I SWEAR, THIS GETS *CRAZIER* BY THE MINUTE!

WE'RE PUSHIN' THE LIMITS OF *IMAGINATION* ITSELF, PUP, WITH EQUIPMENT THAT AIN'T EVEN *OURS!*

WE'VE DONE *PRETTY WELL* SO FAR, MR. CREED.

HOORAY FOR US. BUT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT *YESTERDAY.*

WHAT ABOUT *TOMORROW?*

FACT IS, EVEN IF WE COULD GET RID OF MORPH, WE DON'T DARE.

WE NEED HIS *MUSCLE.*

BUT WE ALSO HAVE TO BE *PREPARED.*

WE'VE SEEN HIM SLAUGHTER US, AND WHAT HAPPENS NEXT. WE NEED SOMEONE HE *CAN'T* BEAT--WHO HAS AT LEAST A *CHANCE* AGAINST HIM--

--IF SUCH A BEING EXISTS, AND CAN BE *TRUSTED*.

YEAH, RIGHT. THAT'LL BE THE DAY.

GIVE ME A *BETTER* IDEA, THEN!

WE CAN ONLY DO THE BEST WE CAN WITH THE TOOLS AND PEOPLE WE'VE GOT, VICTOR--AND PRAY TO GOD THAT'S ENOUGH.

IF YOU SAY SO.

HEATHER--*MR. CREED*--TAKE A LOOK AT *THIS!*

IF WE CAN ESTABLISH A *SOLID* SCANLOCK ON *NOCTURNE*, CAN WE BRING HER BACK HERE?

OR AT LEAST SEND HER *HOME*?

I'M SORRY, CLARICE, BUT RIGHT NOW I'D RATHER *NOT*.

SHE'S RESIDING ON *EARTH 616*, AND THAT WORLD'S BEEN THE SOURCE OF *MOST* OF OUR RECENT PROBLEMS WITH THE STRUCTURAL BALANCE OF CROSSTIME.

UNTIL WE HAVE A HANDLE ON WHAT'S GOING ON--AND BETTER YET, FIX IT--SHE'S PROBABLY SAFER STAYING PUT.

AND THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE *TEAM* SHE'S JOINED--*EXCALIBUR*.

EVERY TIME I LOAD A *QUERY*, I GET A SHOT OF THAT FLOATING *CITADEL* WE ALL SAW, AND THEN NOTHING BUT *STATIC*.

I FEEL BETTER ALREADY.

THIS IS THE HAND WE'RE *DEALT*, VICTOR.

WE JUST HAVE TO KEEP LEARNING AS WE GO--ABOUT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, ABOUT OUR POTENTIAL, OF WHAT WE CAN DO.

AND FINALLY, HOPE--PRAY--FOR THE *BEST*.

YOU *SEEN* ANY LATELY?

NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT--!

NO OFFENSE--BUT WHY DON'T WE ASK THE *LIZARDS*? BET THEY'D LOVE A CHANCE TO *SHOW OFF*.

I HAD THE *SAME* IDEA, VICTOR.

I HADN'T EVEN FINISHED MY QUESTION BEFORE THE WHOLE CREW *BARRICADED* THEMSELVES INSIDE THEIR ROOM.

HAVEN'T COME OUT SINCE. THEY WON'T EVEN ANSWER THE *CONS*.

WHY COULDN'T THIS PLACE HAVE COME WITH A *MANUAL*?

BUT YOU'LL FIND US THE *ANSWERS*, RIGHT?

DON'T I ALWAYS?

THERE YA GO.

C'MON, PUP LET THE DOC DO WHAT SHE DOES BEST, AN' WE'LL DO THE *SAME*.

YOU AN' ME, WE NEED TA WORK ON YER *TIMING*.

MY TIMING'S JUST *FINE*, MR. CREED.

YOU THINK?

ABSOLUTE--

--LEE!

GLAD YOU THINK SO, GIRL.

YOU MEAN TA LEAD THIS TEAM, YOU GOTTA THINK OUTSIDE YOUR BOX.

SO LET'S GET TA WORK.

LATER, HEATHER

HAVE FUN, YOU TWO.

EXCUSE INTRUSION, HEATHER HUDSON...

.BUT AM PROVID NG FRESH CUP OF LIQUID REFRESHMENT--

GASP?!

IS THAT MY COFFEE?

BLESS YOU, BUG--

--?!?

CRASH!

THE TEAM'S *COMMON ROOM*...

IT HAS BEEN AN *HONOR* TO FIGHT BY YOUR SIDE, MY... *FRIENDS.*

BUT I WAS A MEMBER OF THE *SQUADRON SUPREME* LONG BEFORE I WAS DRAFTED BY THE *EXILES.*

I BEAR A RESPONSIBILITY TO MY TEAMMATES AND THE PEOPLE OF MY OWN WORLD THAT TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER MY WORK HERE.

IT HURTS TO ADMIT IT, *POWER PRINCESS*, BUT WE *NEED* YOU.

THIS IS NOT A DECISION I MAKE LIGHTLY, *SABRETOOTH.*

HOWEVER, I BELIEVE IT IS THE *RIGHT* ONE.

ANYONE ELSE FEEL THE *SAME* WAY?

SPIDER-MAN?

ACTUALLY, I KIND OF LIKE IT HERE. I'VE BARELY BEGUN TO LEARN AND EXPLORE THE MULTIVERSE.

I'D LIKE TO *STAY.*

LONGSHOT?

HERE IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANYWHERE ELSE.

PLEASANT COMPANY AND A *PURPOSE* IN LIFE, WHAT MORE *IS* THERE?

WHAT ABOUT *MORPH?*

BITE YOUR TONGUE, MR CREED. I REFUSE TO *KILL* HIM, BUT I WON'T USE HIM.

WE *NEED* HIM, SPROUT, NOW MORE THAN EVER.

WE'LL FIND ANOTHER, *BETTER* WAY.

THE TRANSIT DECK...

MY PROPER PLACE IS HOME, EXILES...

...BUT SHOULD THE NEED ARISE.

...POWER PRINCESS WILL ALWAYS COME TO YOUR AID.

EVERYBODY SCATTER!

IT'S US AGAINST SABRETOOTH!

MY TURN.

IS THIS FOR REAL?

WHERE CREED'S CONCERNED, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

HEY, BE NICE.

IT AIN'T LIKE I'M GONNA INFLICT ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE.

I WAS YOUR TEACHER, PUP.

I TAUGHT YOU PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT FIGHTIN'

BUT NOT EVERYTHING I KNOW.

I'M A QUICK STUDY, MR. CREED.

TALK IS CHEAP, GIRL. I WANT PROOF.

YOU'RE NOT JUST FIGHTING ME, REMEMBER.

THE EXILES ARE A TEAM.

ON YOUR TOES, SPIDEY--

--I M "BLINKING" HIM YOUR WAY!

NOT A PROBLEM.

BUT WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?

I THINK THAT'S MY JOB.

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?

THOSE KNIVES CAN'T HURT ME, LONGSHOT.

WHO SAID I WAS GOING TO THROW THEM AT YOU.

BOOT!

SLAK SLAK SLAK SLAK

SLAM!

GOTCHA, MR. CREED.

GOT LUCKY, YOU MEAN

LOOKS TO ME LIKE "LUCK" HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

WAY TO GO, CLARICE!

AT THAT MOMENT, BACK IN THE COMMAND CENTER...

...A CAUTIOUS, SURREPTITIOUS EMERGENCE FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE COMES TO A SUDDEN HALT...

BRETHREN-- BEHOLD!

THE DISPLAY IMAGE MANIFESTS ITSELF PHYSICALLY.

BUT THE OPERATIONAL SYSTEMS DO NOT CONTAIN SUCH CAPABILITIES.

THE COMMAND SECURITY PROTOCOLS ARE INEFFECTUAL.

BRETHREN-- FLEE!

POOR LITTLE THINGS, I DIDN'T MEAN TO FRIGHTEN THEM.

THOUGH PERHAPS IT'S FOR THE BEST.

I AM TRULY SORRY FOR WHAT I MUST DO, MY CHILD.

IT IS NOT THE FATE YOU'VE EARNED.

BUT I HAVE ALL CREATION TO SAFEGUARD.

AND PRECIOUS FEW ASSETS TO EMPLOY

THERE, IT'S DONE.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

THIS DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

THAT'S THE MAIN SECURITY SCANNER.

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT TROUBLE.

AND SO...

ACCORDING TO THE *TALLUS*, WE HAVE A WORLD ON THE BRINK OF A MAJOR DESTABILIZING EVENT.

BUT WHAT THE DEVIL ARE THESE SECONDARY PULSES-- HAVE THE *BUGS* BEEN SCREWING WITH MY SYSTEMS AGAIN?!

HEATHER?

I'M SORRY, GUYS. THE *STATIC* THAT'S BEEN SCREWING UP OUR SYSTEMS LATELY *PREVENTS* MY GETTING ANY KIND OF SPECIFIC READING ON THE WORLD OR THE PROJECTED EVENT

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO IN *BLIND*.

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

ANYTHING AT ALL ON THE *EVENT*?

ONLY ITS *NEGATIVE* POTENTIAL--A *DISASTER* THAT'S OFF THE CHART.

WHERE'S *MORPH*?

IF THE SITUATION'S AS *SERIOUS* AS YOU SAY, DON'T WE *NEED* H.M?

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

?

HE'S *KIDDING*, RIGHT?

YOU'RE TEAM LEADER, CLARICE. IT'S YOUR CALL.

BUT WE *NEED* HIM.

I'M SORRY, LONGSHOT ..

... BUT I THINK IT'S *BETTER* FOR US ALL IF MORPH STAYS ON THE SIDELINES FOR A WHILE.

GOOD LUCK, YOU GUYS.

I BELIEVE BLINK'S DECISION IS TOTALLY RIGHT. HELL, I WAS THE ONE WHO RAISED THE ISSUE. BUT...

GOD, I *HATE* "BUTS."

BUT--WE COULD SURE USE HIM.

IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY TO BE *SURE* OF *HIM.*

AH, WELL--IF I EVER GET TIRED OF LOOKING FOR NEW *RECRUITS,* I CAN ALWAYS MAKE MYSELF USEFUL WHIPPING UP NEW *LABELS* FOR THIS PLACE.

EXCURSION PLATFORM

BATHROOM

!

WHAT'S THAT--?!

HEY?!

COME *BACK* HERE, YOU ROTTEN LITTLE--

--WHAT THE *DEVIL?!*

NO SIGN OF THE *LIZARD*--BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE THE *ENTIRE* COMMUNITY OF *WORKER BUGS.*

GUYS, TALK TO ME, WHAT THE DEVIL'S *GOING ON?*

NO TALK, NO THOUGHT, TOTAL STILLNESS IS THE RULE, IN HOPES TO REMAIN UNNOTICED BY THE *END.*

THAT DOESN'T SOUND *GOOD.*

=GASP=

OH NO, OH DEAR, MERCIFUL GOD, *NO!*

OKAY--*HYPERION* IS STILL TRAPPED ON HIS OWN EARTH.

MORPH IS STILL *ASLEEP* IN HIS QUARTERS, STILL WEARING THE REPLACEMENT *B-MOD* HELMET

SO--IF THE THREATS WE KNOW OF ARE STILL *SECURE...*

...WHY ARE THE BUGS SO *AFRAID?*

HOURS LATER ...

THAT IS SO MUCH BETTER.

NOTHING LIKE A WORKDAY SNACK WHILE I TROLL FOR NEW RECRUITS.

THANK HEAVEN FOR A MUTANT METABOLISM. THE WAY I LOVE TO EAT, BY RIGHTS I SHOULD BE CLOCKING IN AT A THOUSAND POUNDS OR MORE

AND WHAT'S EVEN GREATER IS THAT I--CAN EXPLORE THE FAST-FOOD MARVELS OF ALL CROSSTIME.

WHAT HAVE WE HERE--I DON'T RECALL SEEING IT BEFORE-- PAY DIRT?!

OH, NO NO NO NO NO.

NOT ANOTHER ONE, NOT FROM EARTH 616!

I DON'T CARE HOW GOOD THEY ARE ON THAT WORLD--

MISSION'S... GONE WRONG...

BARELY MANAGED TO BOUNCE MYSELF CLEAR...

...THE OTHERS...THEY'RE PRISONERS...

--WHAT THE?!

--SABRETOOTH?!

...THE HELL WITH THAT WORLD, HEATHER, BETTER IT SHOULD DIE-- WE GOTTA SAVE OUR OWN...

...IF IT AIN'T ALREADY TOO LATE...

FIRST THING TO DO IS GET YOU INSIDE THE STASIS WALL SO YOU CAN HEAL.

THEN I'LL WORRY ABOUT THE OTHERS.

DON'T YOU FRET, CREED. WHOEVER DID THIS TO YOU, WE'LL TEACH THEM NOT TO MESS WITH THE EXILES.

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE--

--WHAT DO YOU WEIGH, MAN, TONS?

DO SOME EXERCISES, WHY DON'TCHA, BUILD YOURSELF A LITTLE MUSCLE.

DON'T YOU DARE DIE ON ME, SABRETOOTH.

THAT'LL BE THE DAY.

WITHOUT A DOUBT, YOU HAVE GOTTA BE THE NICEST, DUMBEST, SMART WOMAN THAT'S EVER BEEN BORN.

MISTER, YOU'D BETTER BE MAKING A COMPLIMENT!

I DON'T NEED THIS WALL, HEATHER.

WHAT'S NEEDED IS SOME DECENT BACKUP.

WITH ASSETS OFF THE CHART.

YOU GOT ANY SUGGESTIONS?

AS A MATTER OF FACT--!

DESERT ROOM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

NOW PLEASE, LORD SHADOW KING...

...TELL ME AGAIN HOW HELPLESS I AM.

KAI--

--YEAOWW?!

SOMEHOW, I DON'T THINK I'M IN CROSS-MORE PRISON ANY LONGER.

QUESTION IS, WHERE IS HERE?

DEFINITELY NOT ENGLAND.

AFRICA PERHAPS? THE SOUTHWEST UNITED STATES? THE BACK END OF CHINA? I COULD BE ANYWHERE.

LIFE WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER IF I WAS STILL A TELEPATH:

...H'LO CHAPS, THIS IS PSYLOCKE CALLING, PLEASE BRING ME HOME--

--WHAT'S THAT?

SOMEONE'S COMING.

I KNOW THAT BODY.

I KNOW THAT FACE!

SABRETOOTH!

GAME OVER, BUTCHER!

THIS TIME I WIN!

NEXT:

ENEMY OF THE STARS, PART 2 OF 5--

MAIN EVENT!